

Ere the Sun Rises

by QueenOfTheDream

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Summary: Freyja Red-Dawn, Nord native of Bruma, finds herself face to face with a dragon in Helgen after being wrongly imprisoned by Imperial troops. When a Stormcloak lieutenant aids in her escape from the fiery bloodbath and gives her a place to stay, Freyja is saved, but only partially. The memory of the vicious carnage leaves her dumbfounded and haunts her every waking moment. Ralof/DB

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**\*\*First Skyrim fic! Urk, how do I introduce this? Well, I'm going to use bits of the dialogue (ish) presented in-game, but this will mostly be free-hand. Free-written? I dunno.**  
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Freyja resurfaced into the waking world when her body was slammed sideways into another, earning a muffled grunt from the person next to her. Her left eye was swollen and bruised, and she could feel a vicious cut on the inside of her cheek. She licked her dry lips as she cracked the right eye open. She was on a wagon with two strong-looking Nords and a squirrely fellow. He was a thief, judging by his darting eyes and fingers twitching under thin, bound wrists. There was another wagon in front of this one, and all of its prisoners were men in dirty steel-blue armor.

"You're finally awake," said the muscled, blue-clad Nord in front of her. His blond hair hung in limp, grimy strands in front of his dirt-smeared face, but his eyes were kind and patient. Well, as kind and patient one could be when held prisoner in the back of a bumpy wagon. "You were tryin' to get across the border, right? Walked right into that Imperial ambush same as us and that horse thief."

"Hnng," was all Freyja managed to utter, and she let her head loll on her shoulders as the cart went over a particularly rough patch of

stones. Everything hurt, and she had no idea where she was. She jammed her eyes shut before forcing the gummy lids apart. A quick look down confirmed that her travelling tunic was filthy and torn to shreds. The bound and gagged man next to her was wearing a large fur cloak, and she tried to scoot away from its warmth when the wagon lurched and threw her into his hard shoulder. He slowly turned his head to the left to look at her, and she gave him the best scowl she could, daring him to move. He simply shrugged and looked away to stare at the passing trees.

"Damn you Stormcloaks," the horse thief hissed. "It's you the Empire wants." He looked across to Freyja with what was probably supposed to be a commiserating look. "Not us." She didn't give him the satisfaction of an answer and was frankly too weary to offer one even if she had desired to do so.

"We're brothers," the blond Nord nodded at her, "and sisters in arms now. Well, in binds really."

"Shut up back there!" the driver sneered, and his red leather armor scraped against the wooden seat as he turned to glare at his talking cargo. His small eyes scrunched up meanly before he turned back around.

"What's wrong with this guy, huh?" the horse thief mumbled toward the gagged man in the fur mantle. His eyes then flitted nervously back up to the driver in fear that he would turn once again and wreak some sort of vengeance.

"Watch your tongue. You speak to Ulfric Stormcloak, Jarl of Windhelm and the rightful High King," the blond growled, and the driver turned around to smack him with the horse whip, hitting Freyja in the left shoulder in the process. She turned to hide the right side of her face in the overly warm furs of the Jarl and fought the urge to sigh.

"Stormcloak? The one who Shouted the High King to pieces? The leader of the rebellion?" The dark-haired thief's eyes grew large. "If they've captured him— oh gods, where are they taking us?!" His voice grew frantic, and Freyja could see his wrists tugging at the tight binds in futility.

"I don't know where we're going, but Sovngarde awaits us all," the blond replied, and the gagged Jarl uttered what sounded like a "hrmph" of stony agreement while the fidgeting horse thief chanted "No, no, no," in the background. A cold wind filtered through the trees and whispered through Freyja's tangled hair, and she lifted her face so the cool air blew across her skin.

"Where are you from, horse thief? A Nord's last thought in this world should be of home," the blue-clad Nord spoke in a placating tone. Freyja cast her gaze back up.

"R-Rorikstead. I'm Lokir from Rorikstead," the thief mumbled as tears gathered in the corners of his eyes. He looked positively miserable, as prisoners are wont to do on their way to receive punishment.

"Ralof of Riverwood. And you, girl?"

Freyja blinked her eyes. "I came from Bruma, though I was born in-

"Helgen," Ralof interrupted.

"Wh-â€|How did you-

"We're in Helgen." In the background, Freyja could hear an Imperial man's clear voice ring out from somewhere behind her.

"General Tullius, sir. The headsman is ready."

Ralof continued. "I used to be sweet on a girl from here. I wonder if Vilod is still making that mead with juniper berriesâ€|" he trailed off wistfully, and Lokir whimpered as the cart passed by an inn and slowed down.

"General Tullius is here," Ralof muttered as he twisted around as best he could. "And he's with the damned Thalmor, too. I should have known. I bet those damned elves had something to do with this," he grumbled as a group of Imperial soldiers and blue-clad prisoners came into view, and the cart ground to a halt. Freyja could hear the modulated, cultured voice of a High Elf somewhere nearby, and her heart started to hammer. This was worse than she thought.

"Oh gods, why are they stopping? Why are they stopping?" Lokir's voice jumped in pitch, and Ralof swung his head to look at him baldly.

"What do you think? End of the line, brother."

"I'm not a rebel, I swear! I'm not a rebel!" Lokir was screeching as they were all pulled off of the wagon in front of a tall stone tower. Before the prisoners was a crude chopping block. Freyja swayed on her feet, but willed herself to stay conscious. Ralof brushed his unyielding shoulder against hers and stared forward with a straight back.

"Face your death with courage."

The female captain of the guard began reading off the list of prisoners, who were each in turn prodded closer to the block. "Damn Empire and their listsâ€|" Ralof mumbled under his breath, and Freyja squashed a nervous chuckle. Her wrists were chafing under the coarse rope, her body hurt, and she was going to die a prisoner without any semblance of honor. She'd be damned lucky if Shor let her be a measly barmaid or serving wench in Sovngarde at this rate.

Just as she looked down to see that one of her shoes was missing, Lokir took off running and was promptly shot down by Imperial archers. His limp body sent up a cloud of dust when it hit the dry dirt road. Fear bubbled up her throat and made it difficult to breathe, but she did her best to put on a brave face for her impending death.

"Jarl Ulfric Stormcloak," the captain read, and the tall cloaked man stepped forward with stolid features etched into his face.

"It has been an honor, Jarl Ulfric," Ralof proclaimed with solemn pride, and the Jarl gave a small, silent nod of

acknowledgement.

"Ralof of Riverwood," she called out, and Ralof was shoved forward by an Imperial swordsman. "Youâ€| you're not on the list." She strode purposefully toward Freyja, who held her chin up. "Who are you?"

"Freyja Red-Dawn." Her voice was steady, unlike her legs and nerves. An eerie roar sounded through the square, and she felt her hairs all raise on end. It wasn't often that sabre cats or bears dared venture into towns, no matter what the locale.

"What do we do with her?" asked the second in command. He gazed at her with a sympathetic eye. "You've picked a bad time to come home, kinswoman." She heard a priestess of the Eight droning on in the background, giving the prisoners their last rites.

"She was in the wagon. She goes to the block." The captain's snarling voice held no compassion and her lip curled in disdain before stepping back as a short, but solid grey-haired Imperial strode toward the Jarl. Judging by the quality of his armor and silent deference afforded him, he was clearly this "General Tullius" spoken of as the wagons rolled into the town.

"Ulfric Stormcloak," began the general, "some here in Helgen call you a hero." He stepped right up to the Jarl to speak in his face with the confident, condescending tone of a man assured of his victory. "But a hero doesn't use a power like the Voice to murder his king and usurp his throne." Tullius's eyes narrowed into a withering glare, and the Jarl grumbled around his gag in protest. "You started this war, plunged Skyrim into chaos! And now the Empire is gonna put you down and restore the peace!"

Without heeding the general's tirade, one Stormcloak soldier strode up to the wooden block, shoving past the yellow-robed priestess who stumbled away in confusion. The crowd, including the interrupted general, looked on, and Freyja almost averted her gaze as he knelt at the chopping block. "Carry on," Tullius called, and he fell back to stand next to his personal guards.

"I haven't got all morning," the Stormcloak snarled, and an Imperial planted his foot against the prisoner's back and slammed his neck down onto the block. "My ancestors are smiling at me, Imperials. Can you see the same?!" Freyja forced herself to stare ahead and witness the man's fearless death and ascent to Sovngarde. An eye blink later, a loud crack and subsequent dull thud signified that he had been decapitated.

"Next! The Nord in rags," the captain shouted. Freyja's heart skipped a beat, and a cold sweat broke out on her back. The sinister rumble sounded again, louder, and she could see everyone tense as their hackles rose.

"At least you get to die in your homeland," the lieutenant said with pity in his voice. Freyja was then prodded forward. The damned executioner hadn't even bothered to move the headless corpse fully out of the way, so she positioned herself awkwardly over the body. Her fingers brushed up against the back of a warm thigh, and she jerked her bound hands back. Auburn hair glistening with blood lay in a basket just below her chin, and she turned her head to the side to

look up above the executioner at the tall grey tower behind him. The blood smeared across the wood was sticky against her neck, and she almost shuddered. The headsman gazed down at her from his dark mask and brought the filthy blade above his head.

In that split second, she recalled her father's kind smile, the taste of her mother's homemade beef stew, and that cursed Khajiit caravan that made a wrong turn in the Jerall Mountains and got her into this mess. Before the axe had a chance to fall, however, a thundering bellow shook the ground, and a gigantic black lizard soared over the ridge and landed upon the old stones of the tower, sending dust and gravel hailing down from above.

"Dragon!" shrieked one of the soldiers, and everyone in the square exploded into panicked yelling.

It seemed to look directly at her before uttering a scream that was both piercing and booming, like a crack of thunder. Everyone was forced to their knees, and Freyja could feel the pressure pushing down on her back. The sky darkened with swirling, angry clouds that sent small bits of flaming rock hurtling to the ground. She braced her hands on the corpse and launched herself backward as the creature took wing again, swooping overhead and shrieking. The fire raining down glinted off of its spiked scales harshly, as if it was made of thousands of biting daggers.

"Come on, kinsman! The gods won't give us another chance," she heard a distinctly Nord voice call out through the dust rising with each beat of the fantastic creature's wings.

Freyja ran toward the western tower, trailing just behind Ralof. As she leapt through the doorway, a massive gust of wind ruffled her hair and tattered clothes as the dragon dove down to snatch someone up in its razor-toothed jaws. The Jarl, whose gag had been untied, was hot on her heels.

"Was thatâ€¦? Could the legends be true?" Ralof panted as he hurriedly sawed at his bindings with a small steel dagger perched on the table behind him.

"Legends don't burn down villages," the Jarl replied stonily, and the newly-freed Ralof deftly sliced through the rope wrapped around the Jarl's wrists.

"We have to get out of here," Freyja wheezed, and Ralof took off up the tall stone steps. She followed him and caught up just as the dragon smashed its head through the wall in front of them, spewing fire into the tower. It smelled of burned metal and rotten meat. She raised her bound hands in front of her face as the sticky heat washed across her skin. It pulled away and beat its wings, rising up to swoop once more over the settlement.

"You'll have to jump. We'll catch up when we can," Ralof shouted over the dragon's grating roar. With a second of hesitation, Freyja stepped up to the ledge and looked down into the burning ruin of the inn. Her heart pounded in her chest, but she sprung off of the jagged stone and dropped down into the flaming building. Lumps of thatch were ablaze on the floor, and she landed with a crack next to one. She felt her ankle roll painfully, but she forced herself to stand up and scramble away from the flames. Her clothes were singed, and she

fled out across the square, ducking underneath a leathery black wing that nearly knocked her head from her shoulders.

Darting between crumbling stone buildings, she slid against the town's wall just behind the Imperial legionnaire, who was shouting something at her uselessly since the beast kept bellowing and screaming. She stepped over a blistered, blackened body, and the dragon let out another ear-piercing shriek as the men in the streets were razed by dragon fire. Time seemed to slow, and she was able to read the Imperial's chapped lips. "Run." She sprinted out into the open, hobbling against her injured ankle's protests; Helgen's western gate was in sight. She and the Imperial were intercepted, however, by Ralof and several of the Nords wearing blue cuirasses. Their bindings were cut, and they wielded the steel swords of dead Imperial soldiers.

"Ralof, you damned traitor," the legionnaire shouted, and Freyja once more swayed on her feet. There was a townsman lying under a pile of stone rubble, and a singed little boy was sobbing and pulling on his limp, twisted arm. Men were yelping and shouting amidst the clanging of metal and twang of snapping bowstrings. Citizens were screaming as they were burned alive in their homes or in the streets. "Get out of my way!" he continued with a violent swing of his sword. She could see Ralof's face twist into a scowl.

"We're getting out of here, and you're not stopping us, Hadvar."

Hadvar's features fluctuated between uncertainty and anger. He spat, "Fine! I hope that dragon takes all of you bastards to Sovngarde!" He shoved Freyja toward the tower and ran back toward the square where the beast had landed and was unleashing its fiery breath over the exposed and fleeing citizens.

Ralof took her arm and dragged her toward the door of the tower and shoved her inside. There was a dead man sprawled out on the floor, and Ralof approached with soft steps before stooping to take his pulse. "We'll meet again in Sovngarde, brother." Freyja stood nearby, panting as she tried in vain to squirm out of her bindings. "A dragon," he mumbled, "like out of children's stories. The harbingers of the End Timesâ€¦" He sighed. "C'mere, let me see if we can get those bindings off. You're not burned are you?" She thrust her arms forward, and he sawed the grating rope from Freyja's hands. "The western gate is melted shut, so we have to try and find a way out through the keep tower. You may as well take Gunjar's gear. He won't be needing it anymore."

Her stomach turned at the thought of undressing and looting a corpse, but the primal beast inside howled that survival was more important, and so she grabbed the small axe and put on a dead man's still-warm armor. It smelled of ale, sweat, and fresh piss, and she gagged, tugging at the straps. Ralof tightened them with deft hands just before footsteps were heard approaching from the stone corridor.

They didn't have time to hide as two Imperial soldiers burst through the doorway, swords swinging. Freyja jumped backward, nearly tripping over Gunjar's corpse. She heard the clash of metal and Ralof yelling as he battled with one of the soldiers. The second advanced toward her, and she wildly swung the axe in an attempt to deflect the blows

from his steel sword. One nicked her upper arm, and she gasped at the sharp pain. Ralof was locked in battle, and Freyja had backed herself against a long pine table near the wall.

The Imperial leapt forward with a shout and pushed her down with one arm. Her back hit the flat surface hard, and her legs kicked wildly while her left hand scrabbled and scraped against his leather bracers. His other hand tightened upon the hilt of his sword, and her right arm swung up. She squeezed her eyes shut as the axe buried into the side of his head with a squelching crunch. Warm blood misted across her face as his body slid to the stone floor. She forced her feelings down. Feelings could be dealt with once they got out. If they got outâ€¦

With one foot planted against his chest, she yanked the weapon out of his skull and stepped over the bleeding corpse. Ralof's eyes raked over her form, giving her due measure before they descended through the tower.

The floor shook beneath her feet as the dragon continued its assault, and she grasped the slick handle of the bloodied axe tighter in her fist. They picked their way through the grimy, crumbling keep until she heard Ralof bark out a laugh. "I knew we'd make it. Here's the way out." She rushed ahead of him and out into the cool air, forcing gulps of it into her lungs. Her limbs went shaky, and her empty gut finally gave up the fight. Just as bile spewed from her lips, Ralof's hand pressed down on her head and forced her into a ducking position. She vaguely heard the fading call of the dragon behind her feeble retching. She reached up to wipe her mouth, and he pulled her to her feet by her left elbow.

"Looks like he's gone for good this timeâ€¦ No way to know if anyone else made it out, but this place is gonna be swarming with Imperials pretty soon. Best if we clear out." Freyja nodded in agreement. She felt hollow, both physically and mentally. She had made it into Skyrim, so that goal was accomplished. What now, though? She had no map, no supplies, no real clothing, and no food. Her mind didn't register that Ralof was walking down the rocky slope until she heard his voice fading. Forcing her feet forward, she caught up with him.

"â€¦sister Gerdur runs the mill in Riverwood just up the road to the north. Can't miss it. I'm sure she'd help you out," he said as he looked around, surveying their surroundings and searching for any more attackers. Her gut dropped. He was leaving her?

"It's best if we split up, I think." He stopped and turned around, and she almost ran into him. He grasped her shoulder in a firm grip and looked into her sooty face with the elated grin of a man who just escaped death. "Good luck to you. I wouldn't have made it without your help."

She couldn't get a word in before he turned and took off down the road. Tears brimmed in her eyes, and she wiped them away in annoyance before running off to the north alongside the road. Her ankle was throbbing and the cut on her arm stung viciously. She could feel the light cuirass sticking to her skin, caked on with dried blood and sweat.

It was nearly an hour before she saw a small town appear on the

horizon. She thanked her endurance training and forced herself to run to the mill. A tall, blonde-haired woman was walking next to it and turned sharply when she heard fast footsteps approaching.

Any form of coherency flew away from her as Freyja uttered a weak, "Unngh, dragon!" as she approached the woman. This was definitely Ralof's sister; they had the same honey-blonde hair and broad cheekbones. Freyja tried again, panting as she pressed her palms to the tops of her thighs. "Ralof sent me. A dragon has attacked Helgen Keep."

"A dragon?! It can't be. But it would explain what I saw earlier!" The woman's eyes widened and narrowed in turn. "No, I can't trust just anyone walking in claiming to be a friend of Ralof's, and-

"Gerdur." The blonde woman's jaw fell, and Freyja turned just as she called out Ralof's name.

He guided them toward a large old tree stump and recounted the whole bloody tale to Gerdur and her husband, Hod. She felt like an outsider. As the family had a little meeting, Freyja tuned most of it out. She sat back against a tree across from Ralof, flipping the heads off of some red-capped mushrooms nestled in the roots.

She looked up to see Ralof staring at her as he explained the attack to his sister. "In the confusion, we slipped away." His gaze directed back to Gerdur. "Are they really the first ones to come into Riverwood?"

Gerdur nodded. "No one else has come up the south road today to my knowledge."

Ralof's shoulders visibly relaxed. "Good. Maybe we could lay up here for a while. I'd hate to inconvenience your family, Gerdur, but-

"Nonsense!" She planted both hands on her hips. "You're welcome to stay here as long as you need. Your friend, too." She turned and hauled Freyja to her feet with one strong pull of her arm. "Miss...?"

She watched Ralof heave himself off of the tree trunk and start across the small bridge next to the road without a further word. "Freyja," she replied hollowly.

"Yes, Freyja, you are most welcome to stay with my family. I'm sorry for my brashness earlier, but with this war and Ralof's being with the Stormcloaks, well-" she trailed off, turning her gaze to the south. She started towards what Freyja assumed was the house. "You're just in luck," Gerdur lowly whispered, "Hod just brought in hot water. We were going to bathe tonight, but I think you and Ralof need it more." Freyja gave a wry smile. She knew she smelled of dead man's piss, cinders, and who knows what else. Gerdur shoved her through the front door of the shack and down the basement steps, not allowing Freyja to take in her surroundings. To the right of the stairs was a large wooden tub filled with steaming water. "There are a couple of old dresses down here you can change into." Freyja nodded blankly. Gerdur crossed her arms and cocked her hip to the side. "If you don't get out of that armor, I can't wash it."



"Oh. Th-thank you. I really do appreciate it. If there's anything I can do to repay youâ€¦" Freyja awkwardly said as she stripped out of her filthy armor and tunic. Gerdur chuckled good-naturedly before she gathered the bloodied armor and ascended the wooden steps to leave weary woman alone in peace. Freyja reached up and let her hair loose from its confines, and she couldn't stop the tingle that crept across her skin as the hair brushed against her back.

She almost felt bad for being the first one to use the bath since everyone else following her would be using the same water she'd dirtied, but that thought was quickly banished when she stepped into the tub. She tore a strip off of her ruined tunic and used it to scrub the dirt, grime, and grit from her skin. The slice on her upper arm stung, but wasn't as deep as she'd thought. It barely qualified as a scratch and would heal clean.

The water was lukewarm by the time she got out and toweled herself off with the cleanest remnants of her clothes. She pulled one of Gerdur's dresses over her head before tying her dark hair back into a braided bun and heading up the stairs. When she entered the main room, she saw Hod, Gerdur, and their young son Frodnar already sitting at the wooden table with spoons in hand. Gerdur scooted to the far left side, and Freyja sat next to her, tucking in to the bowl of venison stew with vigor.

The front door opened, and Ralof walked inside wearing a common tunic. Freyja noticed that his face and hair were clean and shining; he must have taken a dunk in the cold river running alongside the town. He strode over to sit at the table next to her and began eating without a word. His warm, solid presence had the effect of both soothing her and putting her on edge. Freyja was mechanically shoving bread into her face in an attempt to keep herself awake. To survive a damned dragon attack only to drown in a bowl of stew would definitely be an affront to the gods, who had seen fit to let her live up until that point. She cleared her throat.

"So was that dragon on your side?"

Ralof looked over at her wide eyed. "What? Oh, hardly! I doubt even Ulfric could pull a dragon out of his pocket." He mopped up the rest of his stew with a chewy piece of bread and stuck it in the side of his mouth, talking around the bread. "Lucky for us it attacked when it did, eh? I wasn't looking forward to getting a shave from the Imperial headsman," he chuckled, but it sounded halfhearted. Freyja averted her eyes and stared instead at her bowl, rhythmically spooning the food into her mouth.

She was staring off into space because the next thing she knew, Gerdur was climbing into her bed with Hod and waving Ralof towards the basement steps. Freyja jumped up from the cleared table and descended the stairs. Her heart stuttered. There was only one straw bed in the basement. Granted, it slept two people, butâ€¦

Ralof's voice cut into her thoughts. "You can take the bed. There's a bearskin rug down here somewhere I'll use."

"No, you use the bed. I was hoping to read, anyway. I don't think I could sleep," Freyja lied through her teeth. She could definitely use the sleep, but guilt kept her away from the bed; Ralof looked like he

hadn't had a decent night's rest in ages. He shrugged and sat on the edge of the straw mattress as she seated herself at the small table with a candle and an apparently old and worn copy of A Dream of Sovngarde. The candlelight flickered over the yellowed paper. She wasn't reading the text; only dragging her eyes over the black ink and dutifully turning the pages.

She hadn't noticed she was nodding off until she felt a heavy hand on her shoulder startle her out of a stupor. "Lay down. Plenty of room for both of us," Ralof murmured. Exhaustion got the better of propriety, and she hummed in agreement before blowing out the candle. She crawled into the bed, close to the wall, and pulled the fur covers over herself as Ralof followed suit and lay next to her while maintaining a respectable distance.

They lay unmoving for several minutes. There were crickets and the distant croaking of bullfrogs calling into the still night. The whoosh of air forced underwing, the terrible roaring of the creature, the shrieking of incinerated townsfolk; all were fresh and echoing in her head. Unbidden, tears sprung to her eyes, and she turned on her side, facing the wall. Freyja could hear Ralof's even breathing behind her, and she slowly reached up to wipe the tears from her face so as not to disturb him. She thought of her parents, of a childhood nightmare becoming reality, of all of the bodies that were probably charred to crisps. Cooked eyeballs and fire-cracked bones— She made an attempt to slow her breathing so she wouldn't wake the slumbering Nord next to her, but she met with little success.

In a jostling of fur pelts, Ralof rolled onto his side, worming his left arm under her neck and draping his right over her arm. His hand was curled into a loose fist that tucked against her collarbone, and he pulled her close. Her breath caught in her throat as his slack fingers brushed the tops of her breasts and his thumb skimmed the bottom of her chin. How would she explain this once he woke? That honestly, she wasn't a creep; that he'd reached out in his slumber? That was only half-believable in the best of circumstances.

One of his fingers uncurled to brush against the hollow of her throat. "Hush, girl. Hush," he whispered. For some reason beyond her comprehension, that simple act made Freyja cry even harder, and she willed herself to be quiet as muffled sobs racked her body. She folded her hands over his larger one.

"What was that?" she cried in a hoarse whisper.

"I don't know, lass. I don't know, but I don't want to see the likes of it ever again," he replied, and she could hear the rigid, tired fear in his voice. She tucked her chin in and curled into the fetal position, trying to stifle her cries.

The Nord pulled her closer and burrowed his face into her damp hair, molding himself around her body. His muscles were tense and quivering. She guessed he was probably as in need of comfort as she was, and she pulled her left arm out from under his and crushed his limb to her chest with quaking hands. He shakily hummed a disjointed lullaby into her hair, and she could feel the reverberations traveling from his solid chest to her back. She cried until she had no tears left, and then she fell into a heavy, dreamless sleep wrapped in the arms of a stranger named Ralof.

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><p><strong>Man, oh man. I've had this saved on my computer for ages now because I was hoping to make a chapter story out of it. I'm not entirely sure if I will continue or if this will just be a fluffy one-shot. What do you guys think? Should I continue? Leave me a review and let me know!<strong>

End  
file.